SELECT HYMNS

IN TWO PARTS.

I. For the NATION.

II. For the Coming of CHRIST's Kingdom; or deſcribing the Bleſſings of it.

LONDON:

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The PREFACE.

AMIDST the general Confuſion, that now prevails in the kingdoms of the world, and the alarming judgments of the Almighty that are abroad in the earth, it is a comfortable reflection, that the Faithful are not wholly miniſhed from among the children of men; and that Meetings for Prayer, in order to deprecate the wrath of heaven, and implore the continuance of its favors, are frequently and ſtatedly held among the different Denominations of Chriſtians in our own Country. It is preſumed that a Collection of Hymns, harmonizing with the ſame pious deſign, will be no unacceptable Addition, eſpecially as none ſuch have lately been publiſhed (at leaſt to the Editor's knowledge) in a ſeparate Volume. The following little Piece is of this nature; though more immediately intended for the Uſe of the People called Methodiſts, in connexion with the late Rev. JOHN WESLEY: and the greater part of the Hymns, being taken from the Writings

of his Brother the late Rev CHARLES WESLEY, will need no other recommendation to the Members of that Society: Only a few Alterations have been judged needful, the better to accommodate them to the preſent times. The remaining Hymns have been ſelected from various other Authors, and breathing the ſame Spirit of Devotion, will, it is hoped, meet with an equally favourable reception.—May all that ſhall read or ſing them, whether in public or private, enter into the views, imbibe the ſpirit, and faithfully expreſs the ſentiments of this little Manual: May it ſerve to ſtir up their minds, and affect their hearts with a deeper ſenſe of the awful Diſpenſations of Providence towards our guilty race, and enkindle that holy warmth of affection, which is abſolutely neceſſary both in ſupplicating for mercies, and returning thanks, to the great Father of Spirits. Laſtly, may the Redeemer become more and more precious, and his Kingdom be advanced by this and every ſimilar Attempt, to do honor to his ever-bleſſed and adorable Name.

R. C. B.

FIRST

FIRST PART.

HYMNS

FOR THE

NATION.

HYMN I.

1 GREAT Guardian of thy Church below,
Stretch out thine arm on Britain's ſide;
Cauſe us our gracious day to know,
And from the ſtormy tempeſt hide.
Thy rod thou ſhakeſt o'er the land,
That all may hear its voice betimes,
Ere thou the threat'ning ſcourge command
T' abaſe us for our daring crimes.

2 For theſe premoniſh'd from above
We now the op'ning ſeal attend,
And truſt thine all-diſpoſing Love,
That judgment ſhall in mercy end:
The bounded might of baffled man
The glory of thy pow'r ſhall raiſe,
Advance thy all-redeeming plan;
And ſpread the vict'ry of thy grace.

of his Brother the late Rev CHARLES WESLEY, will need no other recommendation to the Members of that Society: Only a few Alterations have been judged needful, the better to accommodate them to the present times. The remaining Hymns have been selected from various other Authors, and breathing the same Spirit of Devotion, will, it is hoped, meet with an equally favourable reception.—May all that shall read or sing them, whether in public or private, enter into the views, imbibe the spirit, and faithfully express the sentiments of this little Manual: May it serve to stir up their minds, and affect their hearts with a deeper sense of the awful Dispensations of Providence towards our guilty race, and enkindle that holy warmth of affection, which is absolutely necessary both in supplicating for mercies, and returning thanks, to the great Father of Spirits. Lastly, may the Redeemer become more and more precious, and his Kingdom be advanced by this and every similar Attempt, to do honor to his ever-blessed and adorable Name.

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Advance thy all-redeeming plan;
And ſpread the vict'ry of thy grace.

3 What then have thine Elect to dread
In gen'ral peril and diſmay?
We calmly to thy word give heed,
Prophetic of the perfect day.
Led by thy word's unerring clew,
Wheel within wheel involv'd we ſee;
Look all ſubſervient cauſes through,
And wait the birth of thy decree.

4 LORD, we behold thy mighty hand
Stretch'd out o'er all the Nations now:
The counſel of thy will ſhall ſtand,
The Heathen to thy ſceptre bow:
Demons and men ſhall blindly join
To tread the Whore of Babel down;
To execute thy grand deſign,
And bring thy glorious kingdom on.

HYMN II.

1 LET ev'ry prophet cry aloud,
Lift up the voice, the trumpet blow;
Shew their tranſgreſſions to the croud,
The Nation's ſin to Britons ſhow.
That ſin, which marks the worſt of times,
Which heav'n with moſt diſpleaſure ſees,
Which fills the meaſure of our crimes,
Profane extreme UNGODLINESS.

2 Through ev'ry rank and order ſpread,
The poor, the rich, the low, the high,
Alike diſdain their GOD to dread,
And Him throughout their lives deny:
His laws, through ignorance of Him,
His providence they dare diſown;
Neglect, deſpiſe, inſult, blaſpheme,
And all defy the GOD unknown.

3 Their oaths have caus'd the land to mourn,
The land to its foundations ſhook;
And ſtill the profligates forlorn
Are blind to the impending ſtroke:
His outſtretch'd arm they will not ſee,
His thunder's voice they will not hear;
But haſten their own miſery,
And triumph in deſtruction near.

4 GOD

4 God is not in their thoughts and ways,
As Atheiſts in the world they live,
A curſing, vile, abandon'd race,
To Satan's will themſelves they give:
Daily devote themſelves to hell,
And when they in their ſins expire;
Convinc'd alas! too late they feel
The real everlaſting fire.

5 The pit of bottomleſs deſpair
Hath op'd its mouth to take them in;
Yet ſtill our Nation doth not bear
The utmoſt penalty of ſin:
Some unknown Friend before the throne
To God the juſt for mercy prays;
And will not let his wrath alone
To ſwallow up our impious race.

6 God of all grace and patience, hear
The pray'r preſented through thy Son;
Who doth our Advocate appear,
Who made our ev'ry ſin his own:
Juſtice and us He ſtands between,
His blood hath quench'd the wrath of heav'n;
His blood—which cleanſes from all ſin,
And ſpeaks a guilty world forgiv'n.

HYMN III.

Ezek. ix. 4—6.

1 O Righteous God, thou Judge ſupreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name;
And all our crying guilt we own
In duſt and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimſon tincture dyes our ſin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our ſtreaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Britain, the land thy arm hath ſav'd,
That arm moſt impiouſly hath brav'd,
Britain, the iſle its God hath lov'd,
A rebel to that love hath prov'd.

4 Juſtly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thine hand,
And bath'd in heav'n thy glitt'ring ſword
Spread wide the terrors of the LORD.

5 Yet haſt thou not a remnant here,
Whoſe ſouls are fill'd with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While proſtrate at thy feet they lie.

6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Who deeply in the Spirit groan;
With theſe we join our humble pray'r,
Our Nation and our Churches ſpare.

7 But if the ſentence be decreed,
And our dear native land muſt bleed;
By thy ſure mark may we be known,
And ſave in life or death thine own.

HYMN IV.

1 ON Britain, long a favor'd iſle,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and ſhame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to ſmile;
The ſame thy pow'r, thy grace the ſame.

2 Let peace deſcend with balmy wing,
And all its bleſſings round her ſhed;
Glad Plenty laugh, the vallies ſing,
And Commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon ceaſe to roar,
The warlike trump no longer ſound,
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hoſtile troops drop from their hands
The uſeleſs ſword, the idle ſpear;
And join in friendſhip's ſacred bands;
Nor one diſſentient voice be there.

5 Thus ſave, O Lord, a ſinful race;
Millions of tongues ſhall then adore,
Reſound the wonders of thy grace,
And ſpread thy praiſe from ſhore to ſhore.

HYMN V.

1 BEING benign, whoſe name is Love,
Whoſe nature always to forgive,
Thine anger with our ſins remove,
And bid thy humbled rebels live.

2 Thy lifted hand, reſtrain'd by pray'r,
Hath often wav'd the threaten'd blow;
Still thy unnat'ral act forbear,
And all thine ancient mercies ſhew.

3 When moſt diſpleas'd thou ſhak'ſt the rod,
And abſolute thy threat'nings ſound,
A kind reverſe is underſtood,
A ſecret clauſe for mercy found.

4 Yet forty days, thy juſtice cries,
And Nineveh ſhall be o'erthrown;
Except, thy whis'pring grace replies,
They turn, before thy wrath comes down.

5 How often hath thy goodneſs try'd
A people harden'd from thy fear!
And turn'd th' impending plague aſide,
And ſpar'd our land from year to year!

6 E'en now thou doſt the ſtroke ſuſpend,
Thy pitiful reluctance ſhew;
And watchmen through our Iſrael ſend,
To warn us of the falling blow.

7 What canſt thou more for ſinners do?
And if we farther ſtill rebel;
If ſtill our ſinful luſts purſue,
We court the hotteſt flames of hell.

8 The men of Nineveh ſhall riſe
Our judges in that vengeful day;
Unleſs we quit the paths of vice,
And caſt our loathſome ſins away.

9 Leſs dreadful will the puniſhment
Of Sodom and Gomorrah prove;
Than ours, if ſcorning to repent,
We ſtill deſpiſe thy bleeding love.

HYMN VI.

1 THOU awful GOD of Righteouſneſs,
Whoſe angry chaſtiſements we bear,
We mournfully our ſins confeſs,
Which will not ſuffer thee to ſpare;
But urge the ling'ring vengeance on,
And force thy heavieſt judgments down.

2 Year after year thy patient grace
Hath waited our return to thee;
With mercies bleſs'd a thankleſs race,
With wide-extended victory;
And forc'd the nations to ſubmit,
And bruis'd our foes beneath our feet.

3 But drunk with inſolence of pow'r,
And ſurfeited with ev'ry good,
We thought not in our proſp'rous hour
How ſoon thou couldſt abaſe the proud,
The mighty cruſh, the abject raiſe,
And ſpoil our ſelf-exalting praiſe.

4 Therefore a ſad reverſe we find,
So ſuddenly of late brought low,
Scourg'd by the baſeſt of mankind;
Who aim by one deſtructive blow
Our plunder'd cities to conſume,
And ſeal a ſinful Nation's doom.

5 Therefore the ſword abroad bereaves,
And thouſands and ten thouſands fall;
The grave her deſtin'd prey receives,
And ſhuts her mouth upon them all;
We weep our friends in pieces torn,
And Britain's ſinking glory mourn.

6 Yet haſt thou, LORD, a remnant ſtill,
Who for their guilty brethren plead,
And wait the counſels of thy will,
Th' event by ſov'reign love decreed,
Whether thou wilt no longer ſpare,
Or give us to thy people's pray'r.

7 Father of everlaſting Love,
In Jeſus' name and grace we cry,

Thy

Thy judgments with their cauſe remove,
Who would'ſt not have one ſinner die;
Millions in CHRIST accepted ſee,
And bid us live reſtor'd in thee.

HYMN VII.

1 TREMENDOUS GOD of Iſrael, hear,
Before thy ſweeping plagues draw near;
Before they at thy houſe begin,
To ſmite the hoary ſlaves of ſin;
Revoke the charge, the wicked ſpare,
And give them to thy people's pray'r.

2 With timely ſorrow we confeſs
Our land's abounding wickedneſs;
Our ſins, that to a deluge riſe,
And dare the vengeance of the ſkies;
Where ſinners fancy thee to reign,
Regardleſs of the works of men.

3 Canſt thou forgive the impious croud,
Whoſe actions ſay, "There is no God?"
Or muſt thou all thy fury pour,
And let the ſword thy foes devour?
The plague deſtroy, the dearth conſume,
Or gaping earth at once intomb?

4 We know not, LORD, thy dread decree;
For ſecret things belong to thee;
Whether thou wilt again reprieve,
Or now the final ſentence give;
But till thy counſel thou diſplay,
We ſtill for mercy, mercy pray.

5 Control the ruthleſs ſons of war,
Who for our ruin loud declare;
We hear the rod, we mourn and ſigh,
We with the weeping remnant cry,
"Revoke the charge, the wicked ſpare,
"And give them to thy people's pray'r."

HYMN VIII.

1 RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy judgments are,
Yet let us plead with thee;
Thy mercies manifold declare,
To ſtop thy ſtern decree:
Before the world bring forth the woe,
And thy uplifted hand
By ſword and peſtilence o'erthrow
Our ſin-polluted land.

2 If fully purpos'd to deſtroy
Thou art in vengeance come;
Why doſt thou inſtruments employ
To bring thy wand'rers home?
Why doth thy grace its work revive,
Converting us from ſin?
And ſtill we find thy Spirit ſtrive
Our worthleſs hearts to win.

3 Thy meſſengers run to and fro,
Believers are increas'd;
And thouſands their Redeemer know,
With life eternal bleſs'd.
Loſt ſheep for half a century
Have flock'd into thy fold;
And more are daily call'd by thee,
And in thy book enroll'd.

4 But didſt thou, LORD, thy kingdom ſend,
Thy kingdom to remove?
To make of ſinners a full end,
Excluded from thy love?
Corrected and chaſtis'd, we truſt,
Thou wilt not give us o'er;
But ſpare the wicked for the juſt,
And curſe our land no more.

5 Out of the deep thy call we wait
To bid our nature riſe,
Aſpiring to our firſt eſtate,
And by affliction wiſe:
That following after righteouſneſs
We may thy grace retrieve;
Repent, believe, and go in peace,
And for thy glory live.

6 For

6 For this ten thouſand faithful ſouls
Are weeping round thy throne;
And while thy angry thunder rolls,
They in thy Spirit groan:
We join the heav'n-invading cry,
And mercy, mercy claim;
O let thy bowels, LORD, reply,
Mercy in Jeſus' name.

HYMN IX.

1 SEE, gracious GOD, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend,
While on thy ſov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r diſplay;
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

3 Great GOD, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe
Through this apoſtate iſle!
What land ſo favor'd of the ſkies,
And yet what land ſo vile!

5 How chang'd alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the Chriſtian name!

6 Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Their pleaſures they require,
And ſink in gay indiff'rence down
To everlaſting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,
By thy victorious grace;
Then ſhall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

8 Then ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If GOD, our GOD, is near.

HYMN X.

1 LORD of Hoſts, and GOD moſt high,
Canſt thou a nation bleſs,
Who thy providence deny,
And rob thee of thy praiſe?
Of their fleets and armies boaſt,
For ſure ſucceſs and victory;
In themſelves entirely truſt,
And never look to thee?

2 Thee, the chriſtian infidels
From thy own world exclude,
Skill, and ſtratagem prevails,
And ſtrength and multitude:
They on theſe alone depend;
And if thou make thy mercy known,
If thine arm deliv'rance ſend,
They cry, "'Tis all their own."

3 But the men, who fear thy name,
Thy pow'r and wiſdom own;
Now as yeſterday the ſame,
Thou ſitteſt on the throne:
Good, the creature of thy will,
Thou only doſt to mortals ſend,
Only thou permitteſt ill,
Which all in good ſhall end.

4 Vapours, fire, and hail, and ſnow,
Are ſervants of our LORD;
Winds by thy direction blow,
And ſtorms fulfil thy word;
Storms go forth at thy command,
And with reſiſtleſs fury ſweep,
Daſh thy foes againſt the ſtrand,
Or plunge them in the deep.

5 Mighty things the LORD hath done,
And can with eaſe repeat,

All his pow'r to us make known,
Who worſhip at his feet;
JESUS, at whoſe throne we bow,
In thee we full affiance have,
Surely thou canſt ſave us now,
And ſhalt for ever ſave.

HYMN XI.

1 DID we in our evil day
At mercy's footſtool mourn;
Caſt our daring ſins away,
And to our Smiter turn;
Then He would for us appear,
As a wall of braſs ſurround;
Put our vaunting foes in fear,
And all their force confound.

2 Did we, LORD, in ev'ry ſtep
Look up to thee for aid;
Us thou wouldſt in ſafety keep
Beneath th' almighty ſhade.
While our weapons we deſtroy,
And in thy only name confide;
None could hurt us, or annoy,
With JESUS on our ſide.

3 Britain, thou again wouldſt chooſe,
And call our Nation thine;
Teach us means, as means to uſe,
And anſwer thy deſign:
Wouldſt our ſins, not us deſtroy,
Us out of the dunghill raiſe;
Turn our ſorrow into joy,
Our mourning into praiſe.

4 Riſe, the LORD of armies, riſe,
In thy appointed hour;
Scatt'ring evil with thine eyes,
And ev'ry adverſe pow'r;
Then let earth and hell engage,
Lodg'd in thine arms to pluck us thence;
Raging againſt us, they rage
Againſt Omnipotence.

5 Cruſh'd by thine almighty hand,
Do thou our foes ſuppreſs;
Then throughout the earth command
Infernal wars to ceaſe;
Bid the ranſom'd world be ſtill,
And know that thou art GOD alone,
Seated on thy holy hill,
On thy millennial throne.

HYMN XII.

1 GOD of tremendous pow'r,
Our evils we confeſs,
And proſtrate in the duſt adore,
Thy ſov'reign righteouſneſs;
Which cuts our Iſrael ſhort,
Which lays our Nation low,
And gives us up the ſcorn and ſport
Of our inſulting foe.

2 Of ſenſe thou doſt bereave
The ſlaves of ev'ry vice;
And to our own confuſions leave,
And ſin by ſin chaſtiſe:
While from one wickedneſs
We to another fall,
'Till the dark bottomleſs abyſs
Yawns, and receives us all.

3 Alas! what ſhall we do
T' eſcape our inſtant doom?
If thou art juſt, if thou art true,
The threaten'd curſe muſt come;
On ſuch a land as this
Thy ſoul muſt vengeance take;
Nor can thy plagues and judgments ceaſe,
Till we our ſins forſake.

4 O were the work begun!
O were our hearts inclin'd
The dire Deſtroyer's paths to ſhun,
The way of peace to find!
Caſting our ſins away,
Might all our Nation grieve;
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Return, repent, and live!

5 Father,

5 Father, if ſtill we have
An Advocate with thee,
Who can e'en to the utmoſt ſave
From ſin and miſery;
Let juſtice ſtrike or ſpare,
We leave it to thy Son;
And only offer up his pray'r,
"Father, thy will be done."

HYMN XIII.

1 ALMIGHTY LORD of Hoſts,
On whoſe preſerving grace
Thy quiet flock ſecurely truſts
In evil troublous days:
Who hear'ſt the faithful pray'r,
Incline thine ear to ours,
And guard us from the coming ſnare
With all thy heav'nly pow'rs.

2 For us thy guardian hand
Hath oft extended been;
When Babel's ſons aſſail'd the land,
Thy mercy ſtept between;
Thy mercy caught us up
As from our inſtant doom,
And fruſtrated the ſureſt hope
Of antichriſtian Rome.

3 Thou, LORD, againſt our foes
Didſt for thy people fight,
Their dark conſpiracies diſcloſe,
And blaſt their open might;
Their *conſecrated* hoſts,
And fleets *invincible*,
And baffle the triumphant boaſts,
And ſubtleſt plots of hell.

4 Thy ſtill-protecting care
O LORD, on us beſtow;
Nor let us in extreme deſpair
Thy breach of promiſe know;
All adverſe ills avert,
In honor of thy Son,
And all thy wonted love exert
To bleſs and ſave thine own.

HYMN XIV.

1 BE ſtill, ye Iſles, and wait your doom;
JEHOVAH from his place is come;
He whets his glitt'ring ſword:
His hand doth hold of judgment take;
Let all the guilty Nations quake
Before our angry LORD.

2 He calls his own to ſee him riſe,
To mark the vengeance of the ſkies
Diſpread through earth abroad:
Kingdoms laid waſte, and conquer'd pow'rs,
Cities o'erturn'd, and falling tow'rs,
And fields and ſeas of blood.

3 Where ſhall this dreadful havoc end?
What doth the righteous GOD intend?
Beneath his hand we bow;
And trembling in the balance cry,
Will Juſtice paſs our Nation by,
Or will he viſit now?—

4 Cover'd and blind is ev'ry ſeer,
Nor doth the purpos'd thing appear
To one of *Abraham*'s race:
We hear the thunder of thy pow'r,
But who ſhall all thy mind explore?
But who ſhall ſee thy face?

5 Darkneſs and clouds ſurround thy throne,
And wrap the hidden God unknown
In awful majeſty;
Unleſs thou doſt the ſecret tell,
Nor man, nor angel can reveal,
Or fathom thy decree.

6 Yet if thou haſt not fix'd our doom,
Before the ſwift deſtruction come,
And ſweep thy foes away;
That mercy may incline the ſcale,
And wreſtling faith at laſt prevail,
Vouchſafe us pow'r to pray.

7 Stir

7 Stir up the praying ſeed to ſtand
Protectors of a guilty land,
And arm'd in its defence
With JESUS' name, and mind, and blood,
Which ſtays the outſtretch'd arm of GOD,
And binds Omnipotence.

8 The Spirit that in Moſes pray'd,
O might it flow from CHRIST our Head,
And in the members cry:
" Father, we all thy will receive,
" But let us to thy glory live,
" Or to thy glory die."

HYMN XV.

1 SEE, LORD, a Nation at thy feet;
Do with us now as ſeems thee meet,
Preſerve alive, or ſlay;
Whate'er we may to-morrow feel,
Spar'd hitherto thy Grace we tell,
We ſing thy Love to-day.

2 But if, to ſcourge the Nation's ſin,
The Foe ſhould as a flood come in,
Or a devouring flame;
We'll praiſe our GOD, repriev'd ſo long,
Sing in the fires a Goſpel-Song,
And ſhout IMMANUEL's Name.

3 The Spirit of Faith and Pow'r divine
Shall then lift up the chriſtian Sign
Againſt our Enemy,
And oh! might all the Aliens prove
The virtue of thy dying Love,
And yield themſelves to thee.

4 Saviour, Deſire of all mankind,
Come, and the ancient Dragon bind,
Command theſe wars to ceaſe:
Let ev'ry Soul thy kingdom prove,
In holy joy and perfect love,
And everlaſting peace.

HYMN XVI.

1 HAPPY, for ever happy they,
Removed from the evil day,
Who will not live to ſee
Their Country waſted and o'erthrown,
Or ſwell the ſympathetic groan
Of Britain's miſery!

2 The great vindictive day's begun;
GOD's ſtrange deſtructive work we own,
Which gen'ral horror ſpreads:
His thunders roar, his lightnings ſhine,
And vials big with wrath divine
Are burſting o'er our heads.

3 But while the ſhow'rs of vengeance come,
May not our pray'rs prevent our doom,
And ſave us from the fire?
Have we no part in Abraham's GOD?
Or is it not in JESUS' blood
To quench thy flaming ire?

4 With the flagitious multitude
Wilt thou deſtroy the juſt and good,
In whom thou doſt delight?
The men who tremble at thy word?
Or ſhall not the great JUDGE and LORD
Of all the earth do right?

5 Wouldſt thou for fifty righteous men,
Nay, wouldſt thou, for the ſake of ten,
Have ſpar'd the wicked place?
And wilt thou not ten thouſand hear,
Who ceaſeleſs advocates appear
For our abandon'd race?

6 Ten thouſand now unite their cries,
Mingled with that great ſacrifice,
Which did for all atone:
Thy Church, in one requeſt agreed,
For mercy aſk, and only plead
The death of Abraham's Son.

7 The

7 The Son of Abraham and thine,
Complete in righteouſneſs divine,
Doth in his members pray:
Our pow'rful Advocate and Head,
He ever lives to intercede,
And turn thy wrath away.

8 Father, thou always hear'ſt thy Son;
Make then in Him thy mercy known,
That all again may ſee
Britannia pluck'd out of the flame,
And glorify our Saviour's name,
For ever one with thee.

HYMN XVII.

PRAYER FOR THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray,
For all that bear the ſov'reign ſway,
And thy Vicegerents reign;
Rulers, and Governors, and Pow'rs:
And lo! we humbly pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 JESUS, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And ev'ry threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
Through paths of righteouſneſs and peace
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preſerve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

4 Upon him ſhow'r thy bleſſings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
With meekneſs, love, and pow'r;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace
Our nation and our churches bleſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

HYMN XVIII.

1 GOD of Love, the pray'r who heareſt
Offer'd for a guilty land,
Who thy vengeance yet forbeareſt,
Holding thine uplifted hand;
Thou with bowels of compaſſion
Giv'ſt us ſtill a longer ſpace;
Turn us then, the ſinful nation
Conquer by thy pard'ning grace.

2 Grant us at this awful criſis
Hearts, thy warning to receive,
Hearts, to caſt away our vices,
Hearts, to ſorrow and believe:
Humbly at thy footſtool mourning,
Let us groan thy face to ſee;
Let us all at laſt returning
Find our help and reſt in thee.

3 Come, the contrite heart's Deſire,
Friend of helpleſs ſinners, come;
Hear, and anſwer us by fire,
All our ſins forgive, conſume.
Humble us, and then deliver
Whom thou doſt awhile reprove;
Save us then, and ſave us ever,
GOD of everlaſting love.

HYMN XIX.

1 AT this moſt alarming criſis
Shall we not from ſin awake,
While the great JEHOVAH riſes,
Terribly the earth to ſhake?
While he doth a moment ſpare us,
Shall we not attend the rod?
Hear his thunder's voice ſo near us,
And prepare to meet our GOD?

2 Still thou hear'ſt the mourners ſighing
For our wickedneſs abhorr'd,
Thouſands in our Iſrael crying,
"Stop, O ſtop the ſlaught'ring ſword."

Drop

Drop the dreadful controverſy,
While we at thy footſtool groan;
LORD, in wrath remember mercy,
Give us to thy pleading Son.

3 By his bloody croſs and paſſion,
By his precious death, we pray,
Turn aſide thine indignation,
Take thy heavieſt plagues away;
Sin, the cauſe of our diſtreſſes,
Sin, the bitter root remove,
Then appeas'd thine anger ceaſes,
Then redeem'd we praiſe and love.

HYMN XX.

1 IN our moſt precarious ſtate,
In this dark vindictive hour,
Shudd'ring on the brink of fate
Leſt the greedy pit devour,
From the wrath of earth and ſky
Where ſhall we for refuge fly?

2 Bow'd beneath the deepeſt ſenſe
Of our ſtate, we fain would pray,
O might gen'ral penitence
Now prevent the evil day:
All theſe low'ring ſtorms divert,
Heav'n engage to take our part.

3 Sov'reign Majeſty of heav'n,
GOD moſt merciful, moſt high,
Who thy fav'rite Son haſt giv'n
For a rebel world to die;
Pity on thy rebels take,
Spare the land for JESUS' ſake.

4 If thou muſt in wrath reprove,
Father, make not a full end;
Viſit us in pard'ning love,
Then thy pardon'd church defend;
Then let Iſrael's GOD ariſe,
Scatt'ring all his enemies.

5 Far away our evils chaſe,
Save the land belov'd by thee;
Bleſs us as in ancient days;
Peace and true proſperity,
Goſpel righteouſneſs reſtore,
Truth and life for evermore.

HYMN XXI.

For PEACE.

1 COME, thou choiceſt gift of heav'n,
Far from earth, by ſinners driv'n;
While we for thy abſence mourn,
Lovely, laſting peace, return.

2 Forfeited by Britain's ſin,
Loſt to us thou long haſt been;
Us, for our iniquity,
Puniſh'd with the want of thee.

3 Never can we know thy way,
While we from our Maſter ſtray:
But we now our ſin deplore,
Come, and never leave us more.

4 Prince of Peace, and Iſrael's King,
With thyſelf the bleſſing bring:
Peace divine thy Spirit imparts,
Plant thy kingdom in our hearts.

5 Ev'ry ſtubborn Spirit bow,
Turn us, LORD, and turn us now:
Thou who hear'ſt thy people's pray'r,
End this dire deſtructive war.

6 Sprinkling us with thy own blood,
Reconcile us firſt to GOD;
Then let all the Britiſh race
Kindly, cordially embrace.

7 Concord on a neighb'ring ſhore
To the fighting Pow'rs reſtore;
Ev'ry obſtacle remove,
Melt their hatred into love.

8 Goſpel grace to each extend,
Ev'ry foe, and ev'ry friend;
Then in thee we ſweetly find
Peace with GOD, and all mankind.

HYMN XXII.

ANOTHER.

1 WITH tender affection inſpir'd,
With pity for mountains of ſlain,
My ſoul is of murtherers tir'd,
And bitterly forc'd to complain;
Heavy-laden and weary of life,
Whoſe ſorrows and troubles increaſe,
I pine for an end of the ſtrife,
I ſigh for the bleſſing of peace.

2 O Peace, thou art baniſh'd and fled;
The cauſe of our evils I ſee,
By ſin ſuch a havock is made,
By ſin we have forfeited thee.
No peace for the wicked there is,
Unleſs we our wickedneſs mourn;
No good for a Nation like this,
Unleſs to our GOD we return.

3 O GOD, who art always the ſame,
Whoſe nature is ſtill to forgive,
Permit us in JESUS's name
To cry for a farther reprieve:
Our ſins let us fully confeſs,
Our ſins let us deeply deplore;
And when from offending we ceaſe,
Thou wilt to thy favor reſtore.

4 When once reconcil'd to our GOD,
We ſhall with each other agree,
Poſſeſt of the bleſſing beſtow'd,
And one with our LORD on the tree:
His blood the alliance hath ſeal'd,
The bleſſing his Spirit imparts,
And peace with its Author reveal'd,
Eternally reigns in our hearts.

SECOND PART.

HYMNS

FOR THE

Coming of CHRIST's KINGDOM,

OR

Deſcribing the BLESSINGS of it.

HYMN XXIII.

1 JESUS, ſupreme in Majeſty,
Thy kingdom, and thy glory claim;
For ev'ry ſoul, and ev'ry knee
Muſt bow to thy tremendous name.
JEHOVAH on JEHOVAH's throne,
Fulneſs of pow'r to thee is giv'n;
Thou ſetteſt up, and caſteſt down,
And order'ſt all in earth and heav'n.

2 We trace thy footſteps in the deep,
Who doſt in previous judgments come,
And with deſtruction's beſom ſweep
The earth, to make thy kingdom room.

The

The havock which on earth we ſee,
The dire effects of human will,
Accompliſh thy unknown decree,
Thy own myſterious mind fulfil.

3 Thou ſuffer'ſt now the evil done,
When the rebellious multitude,
With claſhing arms ruſh madly on
O'er hills of ſlain, through ſeas of blood;
Their rage for pow'r, their fury blind,
Haſten the coming of our LORD,
The good ſupreme for man deſign'd,
With paradiſe on earth reſtor'd.

4 Whate'er the plagues that intervene,
The judgments and vindictive days;
Saviour, we know the final ſcene,
The earth renew'd in righteouſneſs:
Deſcending on thine azure throne,
Thee in the clouds we ſoon ſhall ſee,
To reign before thy ſaints alone,
And then through all eternity.

HYMN XXIV.

1 GLORY to our redeeming LORD,
Whoſe kingdom over all preſides,
While in the chariot of his word,
And on the whirlwind's wings he rides.

2 Nothing his rapid courſe can ſtay,
Or ſtop his government's increaſe;
Earthquakes and plagues prepare the way,
Wars uſher in the Prince of Peace.

3 Rebellions, maſſacres, and blood
On ev'ry ſide as water ſhed,
Are ſuffer'd by a righteous GOD,
That happier ages may ſucceed.

4 E'en now his word doth ſwiftly run,
And ſaving knowledge multiplies,
And ſtill his gracious work goes on,
And ſtill his temple's walls ariſe.

5 The Church is built in troublous times,
(JEHOVAH the commiſſion gave)
And GOD from all their ſins and crimes
Would all the Sons of Adam ſave.

6 Loving to the whole ranſom'd race,
He fits the creatures for his uſe;
In ev'ry age, and ev'ry place,
One uniform deſign purſues.

7 In love He doth his Sons chaſtiſe,
His deſolating judgments ſend,
Judgments are mercies in diſguiſe,
And all in man's ſalvation end.

8 Wherefore we fall beneath thy feet,
And bleſs each ſalutary blow;
If what thou doſt, we know not yet,
We ſhall, O LORD, hereafter know.

9 Shall ſee thy footſteps in th' abyſs,
Unwind the providential maze;
And own, amidſt the gen'ral bliſs,
"Mercy and truth are all thy ways."

10 With grateful joy we comprehend
The meaning of th' eternal mind:
Accept, thou univerſal Friend,
The ceaſeleſs praiſe of all mankind.

HYMN XXV.

1 HOW many years has man been driv'n,
Far off from happineſs and heav'n!
When wilt thou, gracious LORD, reſtore
Thy wand'ring Church to roam no more?

2 Six thouſand years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy ſight was caſt;
And ever ſince his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The kingdom of the martyr'd LAMB?
When ſhall earth's captive tribes be free,
And keep the laſt great Jubilee?

4 Haſten

4 Haſten it, LORD, in ev'ry land;
Send forth thine angels, and command:
" Go, ſound Redemption, loudly blow
" The joyful news to all below."

5 We long to ſee the day appear,
The promis'd, grand ſabbatic year;
When far from grief, and ſin, and hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs praiſe ſhall dwell.

6 Till then we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our joint requeſt:
" Proclaim the year of jubilee,
" And let all fleſh thy glory ſee."

HYMN XXVI.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the ſkies,
Wilt thou incline thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raiſe their cries,
Wilt thou in their behalf appear?

2 How ſhall thy ſervants give thee reſt,
Till Zion's mould'ring walls ariſe?
Till thy own pow'r ſhall ſtand confeſt,
And make Jeruſalem a praiſe?

3 For this a lowly ſuppliant croud
Here in thy ſacred temple wait;
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O LORD, with pitying eye,
And view the deſolations round;
See what wide realms in darkneſs lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the goſpel trumpet blow,
And call the Nations from afar,
Let all the iſles their Saviour know,
And earth's remoteſt ends draw near.

6 Let Babylon's proud altars ſhake,
And light invade her darkeſt gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan, and of Rome.

7 With gentle beams on Britain ſhine,
And bleſs her Princes, and her Prieſts;
And by thine energy divine,
Let ſacred love o'erflow their breaſts.

8 Triumphant here let JESUS reign,
And on his vineyard ſweetly ſmile,
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our highly-favor'd iſle.

9 On all our ſouls let grace deſcend,
Like heav'nly dews in copious ſhow'rs;
That we may call our GOD our friend,
And hail his great ſalvation ours.

10 Then ſhall each age and rank agree
United ſhouts of joy to raiſe,
And Zion, made a praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the praiſe.

HYMN XXVII.

1 O LORD, thy glorious work revive
Now in the cloſe of rolling years;
Still with thy pardon'd rebels ſtrive,
And melt them into gracious tears.

2 O wouldſt thou to thy Church return,
For which the faithful remnant ſighs,
For which the drooping nations mourn;
Reſtore the daily ſacrifice.

3 Now let the Spouſe, reclin'd on thee,
Come up out of the wilderneſs,
From ev'ry ſpot and wrinkle free,
And ſav'd and perfected in grace.

4 Thou hear'ſt the pleading Spirit groan,
Thou know'ſt the groaning Spirit's will;
Come in thy gracious kingdom down,
And all thy ranſom'd ſervants ſeal.

5 Come quickly, LORD, the Spirit cries,
The number of thy ſaints complete;
Come quickly, LORD, the Bride replies,
And make us for thy kingdom meet.

6 Erect thy tabernacle here,
The new Jeruſalem ſend down;
Thyſelf amidſt thy ſaints appear,
High-ſeated on thy dazzling throne.

7 Begin the great millennial day,
Now, Saviour, with a ſhout deſcend,
Thy ſtandard in the heav'ns diſplay,
And judgment unto vict'ry ſend.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 COME, LORD, the ſacred Spirit cries,
And ſouls beneath the altar groan;
Come, LORD, the Bride on earth replies,
And perfect all our ſouls in one.

2 Pour out the promis'd gift on all,
Anſwer the univerſal *come*;
The fulneſs of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient Iſrael home.

3 To thee let all the Nations flow,
Let all obey the goſpel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the LORD.

4 O for thy truth and mercy's ſake,
The purchaſe of thy paſſion claim,
Thine heritage the Heathen take,
And cauſe the world to know thy name.

5 Thee, LORD, let ev'ry tongue confeſs,
Let ev'ry knee to JESUS bow:
O all-redeeming Prince of Peace,
We long to ſee thy kingdom now.

HYMN XXIX.

1 COME, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of th' etherial ſky,
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wings ſwift pinions fly.

2 Come,

Come, King of Saints, with thy bright train
Cherubs and ſeraphs, heav'nly hoſts;
Aſſume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
Far as the earth extends her coaſts.

3 Come, LORD, and where thy croſs hath ſtood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Sprinkle the nations with thy blood,
And make thy utmoſt mercies known.

HYMN XXX.

1 HE comes, he comes, the Judge ſevere!
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD.

4 Shout, all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our LORD, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN XXXI.

1 LORD over all, if thou haſt made,
Haſt ranſom'd ev'ry ſon of man,
Why is thy grace ſo long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the ſaving plan?
The bliſs for Adam's race deſign'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the GOD of Jews alone,
And not the GOD of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy mercies known,
Thy judgment to the Nations ſhew;
Awake them by the goſpel call,
Light of the world, illumine all.

3 The ſervile Progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchaſe of thy blood;
Let all the Heathen know thy name:
From idols to the living GOD
The dark Americans convert,
And ſhine in ev'ry Pagan heart.

4 As lightning launch'd from Eaſt to Weſt,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel hoſts confeſt,
Bow ev'ry ſoul, and ev'ry knee;
Thy glory let all fleſh behold,
And then fill up thy heav'nly fold.

HYMN XXXII.

1 ALL nations, tongues, and people bleſs,
But chiefly, O thou triune GOD,
Protect thine Iſrael in diſtreſs,
Throughout the world diſpers'd abroad,
Hated, oppreſt, thy Church defend,
And bleſs and ſave her to the end.

2 Forth from the midſt of Babel call
Thy ſervants, who thy word obey,
Before thy plagues o'erwhelm them all
That own the beaſtly Pontiff's ſway;
Before thy fiery breath conſume
The laſt great Antichriſt of Rome.

3 Thou know'ſt th' uſurping Man of ſin
O'er all thy purer Churches reigns,
This cruel Antichriſt within;
He holds our ſtruggling ſouls in chains;
Or ſits ſublime in Moſes' chair,
And lords it o'er thy people there.

4 Come, glorious LORD, our ſouls unbind,
And let the reign of Satan ceaſe;
And let thy Spouſe, on thee reclin'd,
Aſcend out of the wilderneſs,
From ev'ry ſpot and wrinkle free,
And perfectly conform'd to thee.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 O Come, thou radiant Morning Star,
Again in human darkneſs ſhine,
Ariſe reſplendent from afar,
Aſſert thy royalty divine;
Thy ſway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kingdom, LORD, we long to ſee,
Thy ſceptre o'er the Nations ſhake;
T' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy poſſeſſion take,
Take (for thou didſt their ranſom find)
The purchas'd ſouls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy choſen ones appear,
And valiantly thy truth maintain;
Diſpread thy gracious kingdom here,
Fly on the rebel ſons of men,
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 LET earth be glad, the LORD is King,
The multitude of Iſles may ſing,
The ſaints may ſtill rejoice in him,
The LORD, almighty to redeem;
Who gives the world to whom He will,
Exalted on his holy hill.

2 Frowning on us, He ſeems awhile
On our ſworn enemies to ſmile,
Their arms with victory to bleſs,
Triumphant in their ſure ſucceſs;
And bids us patiently attend
His time, and calmly wait the end.

3 Yet inſtruments of thy deſign
The kingdom is not theirs, but thine;
Who doſt with wiſdom deep employ
Thy foes each other to deſtroy,
And uſe, beyond their own intent,
To ſhock and purge the Continent.

4 Extirpating

4 Extirpating th' ungodly race,
With whom wilt thou ſupply their place?
With Iſrael's Tribes ſo long conceal'd,
Juſt Jews, and real Chriſtians fill'd;
With Savages, through JESUS' blood
Redeem'd, and ſeal'd the Sons of God.

5 This earth renew'd we truſt ſhall ſhow
Thy glorious kingdom fixt below;
A kingdom of perennial peace,
Pure joy, and perfect righteouſneſs,
Not of this world, but that above,
Where all is harmony and love.

6 Then ſhall thy whole deſign be ſeen,
How far beyond the thoughts of men;
When all authority put down,
All Pow'rs are ſwallow'd up in one;
And challenging the right divine,
Thou claim'ſt the univerſe for thine.

7 Then ſhall we hallelujahs ſing,
Angels and ſaints, to CHRIST our King,
Loud as the mighty waters' noiſe,
Loud as the rolling thunder's voice:
Th' Omnipotent his ſway maintains,
The LORD our GOD for ever reigns.

HYMN XXXV.

1 O LORD of Hoſts, to whom are known
Thy works of judgment and of grace,
If thy great day is now begun,
And doth as a fierce furnace blaze,
The ſons of pride ſhall be caſt in,
With all the harden'd ſlaves of ſin.

2 Expos'd to thy vindictive ire
The workers of iniquity,
As fewel for the quenchleſs fire,
As ſtubble, all burnt up ſhall be:
So doth thy righteous will ordain,
And neither root nor branch remain.

3 But we, who truly fear thy name,
And languiſh to attain thy love,

May we not now thy promiſe claim,
The light to bleſs us from above?
The Sun of Righteouſneſs to riſe,
The glory both of earth and ſkies?

4 O Sun of Righteouſneſs, appear,
Appear with healing in thy wings,
With grace which doth the mourners cheer,
Which pardon and ſalvation brings;
Which ſtrong immortal health imparts,
And fills with love our fearful hearts.

5 Then ſhall we all go forth in peace,
And up to full perfection grow,
And ſtrong in finiſh'd holineſs
Trample on our infernal foe,
Till call'd the Saviour's throne to ſhare,
We mount, and reign for ever there.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 FATHER, is not thy promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the Nations of the earth
The word of life ſhall run?

2 Aſk, and I give the Heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remoteſt bounds
Thine empire ſhall advance?

3 Haſt thou not ſaid, that Iſrael's race
Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his ſtandard croud
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
Under th' expanſe of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception giv'n?

5 From Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South
Be then his name ador'd,
Europe, with all thy millions ſhout
Hoſannas to the LORD.

6 Aſia

6 Aſia and Africa, reſound
From ſhore to ſhore his fame;
And thou, America, in ſongs
Redeeming Love proclaim.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 GREAT GOD, the Nations of the earth
Are by creation thine,
And in thy works by all beheld
Thy radiant glories ſhine.

2 But, LORD, thy greater Love has ſent
Thy goſpel to mankind,
Unveiling richeſt ſtores of grace
Deep-treaſur'd in thy mind.

3 O when ſhall theſe glad tidings ſpread
The ſpacious earth around,
Till ev'ry land, and ev'ry ſoul
Shall know the joyful ſound?

4 O, when ſhall Afric's ſable ſons
Enjoy the heav'nly word,
And vaſſals long-enſlav'd, become
The freedmen of the LORD?

5 When ſhall th' untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haſte, ſov'reign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love,
Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, LORD, on each divine attempt
To ſpread the Goſpel's rays,
And build on ſin's demoliſh'd throne
The temples of thy praiſe.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 THE LORD will glorioufly appear,
Behold the day at hand!
The ſigns beſpeak his coming near,
Attention deep command.

2 He comes, He comes on earth to reign
With all his favor'd ſaints;
JESUS, the LAMB for ſinners ſlain,
Will end our long complaints.

3 The Prince of Darkneſs He will bind,
The hoſts of hell o'erthrow,
And Satan in th' abyſs confin'd
His godlike pow'r ſhall know.

4 Then thoſe, who ſuffer'd for his name,
And kept his faithful word,
Shall riſe in glory, and proclaim
The triumphs of the LORD.

5 When he appears, their hidden life,
In brightneſs they ſhall ſhine:
Behold the Bride, the LAMB's lov'd wife,
Array'd in robes divine!

6 The long-expected marriage day
A thouſand years ſhall laſt:
What glories will our LORD diſplay
Ere that bleſt ſeaſon's paſt!

7 The wonders of that golden age
What mortal can declare?
We view with joy the ſacred page,
For we can read them there.

8 Paſs then, ye ſcenes of ſin and woe,
On ſwifteſt wings away!
Ye ſaints, to meet the Bridegroom go,
And hail his bleſſed day.

HYMN XXXIX.

1 HAPPY day of union ſweet,
O when ſhall it appear?
When ſhall all thy people meet
In amity ſincere?
Tear each other's fleſh no more,
But kindly think and ſpeak the ſame,
All expreſs the meek'ning pow'r,
And ſpirit of the Lamb?

2 Viſit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day;
Urg'd by faith's inceſſant pray'r,
No longer, LORD, delay:
Now deſtroy the envious root,
The ground of Nature's ſeeds remove,
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe millennial love.

HYMN XL.

Cant. vi. 10.

1 LO! the Church with gradual light
Her op'ning charms diſplays,
After a long dreary night
Looks forth with glim'ring rays;
Scarce perceptible appears,
Until the day-ſpring from on high,
All the face of Nature cheers,
And gladdens earth and ſky!

2 Fair as the unclouded moon
With borrow'd rays ſhe ſhines,
Shines, but ah! ſhe changes ſoon,
And when at full declines;
Frequent long eclipſes feels,
Till JESUS drives the ſhades away,
All her doubts and ſins diſpels,
And brings the perfect day.

3 Now ſhe without ſpot appears,
For CHRIST ſhines forth again;
Sun of Righteouſneſs, He clears
His Church, from ev'ry ſtain:

Riſing with full majeſty
He blazes with meridian light;
All th' horizon laughs to ſee
The joyous heav'nly ſight.

4 Bright with luſtre not her own
The woman now admire,
Cloath'd with that eternal Sun
Which ſets the world on fire;
Bright ſhe ſhall for ever ſhine,
Enjoying, like the Church above,
All the light of truth divine,
And all the fire of love.

5 From her dark imperfect ſtate
To perfect love reſtor'd,
Stands the Church divinely great,
The Army of the LORD.
Wide his bloody ſign diſplays,
And lo! the hoſts of Satan fall,
Terrible in holineſs,
She more than conquers all.

6 Who ſhall live to ſee that day
Of her Redeemer's pow'r?
JESUS, come, no more delay,
Thy kingdom to reſtore.
Or if firſt to reſt I go,
Yet let me in that day appear,
Meaneſt of thy ſaints below,
Thy ſaints triumphant here.

HYMN XLI.

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bleſs our earth again,
Now aſſume thy royal pow'r,
And o'er the Nations reign.
CHRIST, the world's Deſire and Hope,
Pow'r complete to Thee is giv'n;
Set the laſt great Empire up,
Eternal GOD of heav'n.

2 When thy foes are ſwept away,
And meet their righteous doom,
Then thy Deity diſplay,
And let thy kingdom come:

Then

Then in the new world appear,
In lands where thou waſt never known,
There th' imperial ſtandard rear,
And fix thy fav'rite throne.

3 Where they all thy laws have ſpurn'd,
Thy holieſt name profan'd;
Where the ruin'd earth hath mourn'd,
With blood of millions ſtain'd.
Open there th' etherial ſcene,
Claim the ſavage race for thine,
There thy glorious reign begin
With majeſty divine.

4 Univerſal Saviour, Thou,
Wilt all thy creatures bleſs,
Ev'ry knee to Thee ſhall bow,
And ev'ry tongue confeſs;
None ſhall in thy mount deſtroy,
War ſhall then be learnt no more,
Saints ſhall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

5 Then, according to thy word,
Salvation is reveal'd,
With thy glorious knowledge, LORD,
The new-made earth is fill'd.
Then we ſound the myſtery,
The depths and heights of Godhead prove,
Swallow'd up in Mercy's Sea,
For ever loſt in Love.

HYMN XLII.

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace,
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learnt, we muſt confeſs,
Thy kingdom is not there:
Who prompted by thy foe
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their King, they ſhew,
And Satan is their God.

2 But ſhall He ſtill devour
The ſouls redeem'd by Thee?
JESUS, ſtir up thy glorious pow'r,
And end th' apoſtacy.

Come, Saviour from above,
O'er all the earth to reign,
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In ev'ry heart of man.

3 Then ſhall we exerciſe
The helliſh art no more,
While thou our long-loſt paradiſe
Doſt with thyſelf reſtore:
Fightings and wars ſhall ceaſe,
And by thy Spirit giv'n,
Pure joy, and everlaſting peace
Shall turn our earth to heav'n.

HYMN XLIII.

Isaiah lxvi.

1 ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up th' attracting ſign,
And ſummon whom thou doſt approve
For Meſſengers divine:
From favor'd Abraham's ſeed
The new Apoſtles chooſe,
In Iſles and Continents to ſpread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Them ſnatch'd out of the flame
Through ev'ry nation ſend,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The univerſal Friend.
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews t' adore,
And ſee thy Glory in thy Son,
Till time ſhall be no more.

3 O that the choſen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And gather'd out of ev'ry land
Preſent to Zion's King!
Of all the ancient race
Not one be left behind,
But each impell'd by ſecret grace
His way to Canaan find!

4 We know it muſt be done,
For GOD hath ſpoke the word,
All Iſrael ſhall the Saviour own,
To their firſt ſtate reſtor'd:
Rebuilt by his command
Jeruſalem ſhall riſe,
His Temple on Moriah ſtand
Again, and touch the ſkies.

5 Send then thy Servants forth
To call the Hebrews home,
From Eaſt and Weſt, and South and North
Let all the wand'rers come.
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy Mount to gain.

6 An off'ring to the LORD
There let them all be ſeen,
Sprinkled with water by the word,
In ſoul and body clean.
With Iſrael's myriads ſeal'd
Let all the Nations meet,
And ſhew the myſtery fulfill'd,
Thy family complete.

HYMN XLIV.

1 WHO on the LORD moſt High
With humbly-fervent zeal,
With loving faith rely,
And in his preſence dwell,
In dangers ſafe and undiſmay'd,
We reſt beneath th' Almighty ſhade.

2 The ill we cannot fear
Which worldly ſouls alarms,
Or ſhrink appall'd to hear
Of Nations up in arms;
Aſſur'd, if Empires are o'erthrown,
The LORD is King, and reigns alone.

3 His wiſe permiſſive will
In all events we ſee,
Who orders good and ill
T' accompliſh his decree;
Who kindly for his people cares,
And counts and keeps their ſacred hairs.

4 O that the world might feel
What none can comprehend,
The joy unſpeakable,
The peace which ne'er ſhall end,
The happineſs his people prove,
Who truſt in their Redeemer's love!

5 Then would this vain concern
For earthly joys be o'er,
The nations then would learn
Pernicious war no more,
But bleſs the mild IMMANUEL's ſway,
And count it heav'n on earth t' obey.

6 Come, O thou common LORD,
Thou univerſal KING,
In ev'ry ſoul reſtor'd
Thy peaceful kingdom bring;
The forces of the Sea receive,
And bid the Heathen world believe.

7 Haſten the promis'd hour
Of monarchy divine,
And exerciſe thy pow'r,
Through num'rous ages thine:
Again thine ancient Iſrael call
And change their hearts, and ſave them all.

8 Not one of Adam's race,
Shall then unſav'd be found;
But Peace and Righteouſneſs
Throughout the earth abound:
The thrones ſhall to thy ſaints be giv'n,
And the new earth be turn'd to heav'n.

HYMN XLV.

1 ALL hail, incarnate LORD!
The wond'rous things foretold
In thy all-faithful word,
With joy our eyes behold,
Still doth thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honors pays,
And youth, with beauty clad,
Devotes its brighteſt days,
Let ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And joyful praiſe their heav'nly King.

3 Haſte, Prince of Peace, to ſhew
That glorious happy day,
When ſouls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle ſway;
O may it bleſs our longing eyes;
And bear our ſhouts above the ſkies!

4 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Perpetual be thy throne,
Thy name by all ador'd,
Thy will by all be done!
When ſin and grief are known no more,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

HYMN XLVI.

ISAIAH xli. 18, 19.

1 AMAZING, beauteous change,
The world created new!
My thoughts with tranſport range
The lovely ſcene to view!
JESUS, in all theſe charms I trace,
The work is thine, be thine the praiſe.

2 See cryſtal fountains play
Amidſt the burning ſands!
The rivers winding way
Shines through the thirſty lands!
Where dragons lay, new graſs is ſeen,
A carpet ſpread of living green!

3 Where pointed brambles grew
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flow'rs for ever new
The painted fields adorn.
The lily there, and bluſhing roſe,
In concert all their ſweets diſcloſe.

4 Where the black mountain ſtood
All bare and diſarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuſe its grateful ſhade!
Their lofty heads tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines confeſs the GOD.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their ſavage chace give o'er,
No more they rend the ſlain,
And thirſt for blood no more,
But infant hands fierce tygers ſtroke,
And lions with young fatlings yoke.

6 O when, almighty LORD,
Shall theſe glad ſcenes ariſe,
To verify thy word,
And bleſs our wond'ring eyes,
That all earth's Sons to thee may raiſe
An hymn of univerſal praiſe?

HYMN XLVII.

1 ALL glory to GOD in the ſky,
And peace upon earth be reſtor'd!
O JESUS, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent LORD.
Who meanly in Bethlehem born
Didſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in the fleſh didſt appear,
All Nature acknowledg'd thy birth,
Aroſe the acceptable year,
And heav'n was open'd on earth.
Receiving its LORD from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The giver of Concord and Love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.

3 Oh! wouldſt thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit deſcend,
And ſet up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never ſhall end.
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid their dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh below.
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid Alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repoſe,
No ſound of the trumpet is there
Where JESUS's Spirit o'erflows.
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace
We all ſhall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 THOUGH JESUS be mounted on high
He left us a promiſe below,
That He will deſcend from the ſky
His ſecond appearance to ſhow.
His coming on earth is to reign,
To govern the race of mankind,
While Satan held faſt in his chain
Shall in the abyſs be confin'd.

2 Our Saviour ſhall publiſh his laws,
All nations with gladneſs obey,
The ſceptre he weilds in his cauſe
Shall bow the whole world to his ſway.
His Miniſters ſweetly agree,
Contentions no longer be known,
Believers united ſhall be,
As CHRIST and his Father are one.

3 Then all the MESSIAH ſhall know,
All people his doctrine receive,
His ſtatutes delightfully do,
His goſpel exulting believe.

This bleſſed ineffable day,
JEHOVAH hath promis'd to bring,
When evils ſhall vaniſh away,
And goodneſs eternally ſpring.

4 Now wars and deſtructions ſubſide,
The trumpet no longer is heard,
All nations in ſafety abide,
Nor dangers or terrors are fear'd.
The earth her increaſe doth produce,
With plenty all regions are fill'd,
Enjoyment without its abuſe
Doth pleaſures abundantly yield.

5 The creatures once ſavage are mild,
And thoſe that were hardeſt to tame,
Submit to be led by a child,
The leopard lies down with the lamb.
The glory of GOD doth o'erflow
As a ſtream all-inriching around,
All knees to IMMANUEL bow,
All tongues in his praiſes abound.

HYMN XLIX.

1 GOD, who wouldſt a world forgive,
Offer'ſt all ſufficient grace,
Grant that all may ſoon believe,
Numbers do thy Son embrace,
Numbers ſav'd from ev'ry ſect
Form the Church of thine elect.

2 Scatter'd o'er the earth they lie;
Sheep with wolves encompaſs'd round,
Guided by their Shepherd's eye,
Safe they in the fold are found.
Angels all their ſteps attend,
Serve, and keep them to the end.

3 When thy judgments are abroad
Them thou kindly doſt conceal,
Hidden in the ark of GOD,
Shelter'd they in Zoar dwell,
Find a ſanctuary prepar'd,
Find Omnipotence their guard.

4 Poor and mean whom all reject,
Perſecute, or elſe deſpiſe,
They their enemies protect,
Stay the vengeance of the ſkies:
Till thou haſt ſecur'd thine own,
Stands the world for them alone.

5 States and Empires riſe and fall,
Stands the Church till time ſhall end,
Waiting for the Bridegroom's call,
Liſt'ning, longing to aſcend;
Fair and ſpotleſs, and complete,
JESUS in the clouds to meet.

6 When the number is fulfill'd,
When the righteous are brought home,
When the judgment is reveal'd,
Then the world ſhall meet its doom,
Earth burnt up in ſmoke expire,
Sinners in eternal fire.

HYMN L.

1 SAVIOUR King, aſſume thy pow'r,
Great and mighty Conqueror,
Lead thy promis'd glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy throne.

2 Japhet's Iſles do bleſs thy name,
Let the Weſt announce thy fame,
Waſh the Ethiopian clean,
In the Eaſt new ſigns be ſeen.

3 Great the band of thoſe be found
Who proclaim the joyful ſound;
Let it to thine Iſrael come,
Let it bring the wand'rers home.

4 To the brightneſs of thy face
Fly in troops the ſuppliant race,
Gentile lands adorn thy train,
Monarchs bow and bleſs thy reign.

5 When like lightning through the ſkies
Will the latter glory riſe?
When ſhall we behold thy pow'r?
When ſalute th' accompliſh'd hour?

6 Quickly, LORD, thy triumph bring,
Reign the univerſal King:
Then ſhall all the choſen race
Shout aloud redeeming grace.

HYMN LI.

1 COME, Deſire of Nations, come,
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral doom,
Hear the Spirit and the Bride,
Come, and take us to thy ſide.

2 Thou, who haſt our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward,
Then with all thy ſaints deſcend,
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy choſen race,
Shorten theſe vindictive days.
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and ſave thine own.

4 Now deſtroy the man of ſin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in.
Fill'd with righteouſneſs divine
Claim a ranſom'd world for thine.

5 Plant the heav'nly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy ſaints appear;
Speak the ſacred number ſeal'd,
Speak the myſtery fulfill'd.

6 Take to thee thy royal pow'r,
Reign till ſin ſhall be no more,
Reign when time no more ſhall be,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN LII.

1 YE ſervants of GOD,
Acknowledge him near;
Who bought you with blood,
Shall quickly appear:

In

In love's lateſt ſeaſon
Ye ſinners awake,
For JESUS is riſen
The kingdoms to ſhake,

2 His juſtice or grace
Ye ſhortly ſhall prove;
For theſe are the days
Of vengeance and love.
The great tribulation
E'en now is begun,
The hour of temptation
And reſcue is one.

3 Redemption is come,
JEHOVAH deſcends,
His rebels to doom,
And honor his friends.
The world he is waking
From ſinful repoſe,
In battles of ſhaking
He fights with his foes.

4 Fire, vapour, and ſtorm
Accompliſh his word,
And earthquakes perform
The charge of their LORD.
The pride of the Nations
He terribly ſpurns,
Earth's ſtedfaſt foundations
And cities o'erturns.

5 Come, Saviour array'd
With glory and pow'r,
The world thou haſt made
Deſtroy, and reſtore;
That all under heaven
May gladly proclaim,
The kingdom is given
To JESUS the Lamb.

HYMN LIII.

HOW happy, Lord, are we,
Who have a part in thee!
Following after righteouſneſs,
Hidden in thine anger's day,
We enjoy an heartfelt peace,
Peace which none can take away.

2 When plagues the land o'erflow,
We ſhare the common woe:
But our patriotic love,
Is not ſelfiſh or confin'd,
But our yearning bowels move
Tow'rd the whole afflicted kind.

3 With ev'ry ſufferer
We drop the gen'rous tear:
Whom thy tend'ring Spirit leads,
Pity no diſtinction knows,
Love for all the wounded bleeds,
Love embraces friends and foes.

4 Yet though for all we feel,
Our ſouls are happy ſtill;
Soft compaſſionate diſtreſs,
On a wretched world beſtow'd,
Cannot violate our peace,
Cannot ſhake our truſt in GOD.

5 With deepeſt ſympathy
Saviour, we cry to thee:
Liſt'ning to thy choſen race,
Come, thou univerſal Friend,
Here diſplay thy richeſt grace,
Bring the joy that ne'er ſhall end.

6 E'en now with eagle's eyes
We ſee thee in the ſkies;
Soon with eagle's wings we ſoar,
Our deſcending LORD to meet;
Then the cup of bliſs runs o'er,
Then the rapture is complete.

HYMN

HYMN LIV.

Rev. i. 7—8.

1 LO! He comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favor'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
GOD appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true MESSIAH ſee.

3 The dear tokens of his paſſion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cauſe of endleſs exultation
To his ranſom'd worſhippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on thoſe glorious ſcars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
JAH, JEHOVAH,
Everlaſting GOD, come down.

HYMN LV.

Rev. xix. 11—16.

1 COME, thou Conqu'ror of the Nations,
On thy great white horſe appear:
Earthquakes, dearths, and deſolations,
Signify thy kingdom near,
True and faithful,
Stabliſh thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, pow'r and glory,
Thine the ranſom'd Nations are:
Let the Heathen fall before thee,
Let the Iſles thy pow'r declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heav'nly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head——
But thine eſſence,
None except thyſelf can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace beſtow'd,
Meanly cloth'd in human nature,
Thee we call the WORD OF GOD;
Fleſh thy veſture,
Dipt in thy own ſacred blood.

5 Follow'd by the hoſt of heaven,
(White their robes, their courſers white)
Come, and let thy word be given,
Let thy word the nations ſmite;
With thy judgments,
With thine iron ſceptre fight.

6 Captain, GOD of our ſalvation,
Thou who haſt the wine-preſs trod,
Borne th' Almighty's indignation,
Quench'd the fierceſt wrath of GOD,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchaſe of thy blood.

7 On thy thigh and veſture written,
Shew the world thy heav'nly Name,
That with loving wonder ſmitten,
All may glorify the LAMB,
All adore thee,
All the LORD of LORDS proclaim.

8 Honor, glory, and ſalvation,
To the LORD our GOD we give,
Pow'r, and endleſs adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

HYMN

HYMN LVI.

1 WORTHY the LAMB of boundleſs ſway,
In earth or heav'n the LORD of all!
Ye Princes, Rulers, Pow'rs, obey,
And low before his footſtool fall.

2 The deed was done, the LAMB was ſlain,
The groaning earth the burden bore;
He roſe, he lives, he lives to reign,
When time and ſin ſhall be no more.

3 Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his feet,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

4 Wiſdom and ſtrength are his alone,
He rais'd the topſtone, ſhouting grace;
Honor has built his lofty throne,
And glory beams upon his face.

5 From heav'n and earth loud burſts of praiſe
The mighty bleſſings ſhall proclaim,
Bleſſings that earth to Eden raiſe,
The purchaſe of the ſlaughter'd LAMB.

6 Higher, ſtill higher, ſwell the train!
Creation's voice, the notes prolong!
The LAMB ſhall ever, ever reign,
And hallelujahs crown the ſong.

FINIS.